

## AVIATOR'S DEFIANCE OF DEATH THRILLS JAPANESE

Art Smith Presented With Gold Medals at Tokio—War Office Discussing Extending Work of Fliers as Result of Exhibition by American.

By a Japanese Correspondent of "The Sun."

TOKIO, April 25.—It has become the universal desire of the Japanese public to commemorate in every possible way the heroic adventure of Art Smith, who, to the greatest satisfaction of the spectators, maintained the honor of the American aviator by breaking the record of the high wind flight on the Aoyama parade ground. Quite a number of different postcards have been printed in souvenir of his brave acts and exhibited for sale at the most insignificant card stores in the remotest villages of Japan. The Asahi (reputed to be the wealthiest newspaper in this country) has invited Mr. Smith to come down to Osaka (the New York of Japan), where at the sole expense of the said newspaper arrangement has been made for his flight before the Osaka citizens, who are to be admitted absolutely free of charge. This undertaking, as I am told by one of the best informed of my friends, was promoted partly with a view to protect him from the financial risk to which his predecessor, Mr. Niles, is said to have been exposed and partly because it could amply afford to pay for his flight in consideration of the far greater benefit to be derived from it for the cause of Japanese aviation. There is not a single picture magazine of recent publication that does not contain the pictures of his flight and his young face smiling in front of his machine.

Not a few of the vernacular papers have taken up aviation as the subject of their editorial discussions, one of them (the Asahi) criticising the infancy of the Japanese system as due to the erroneous theories to which the native aviators are addicted. Another, commenting on the great number of victims among the Japanese military and naval officers, remarked: "Death is laudable when it is boldly confronted as the aviator's fate in an ultimate end, but those who court it rather than do their best to avoid it should be strongly condemned, for they have mixed up means with ends."

### Toy Aeroplanes on Sale.

Heretofore bad air current has been always sentenced guilty for the murder of the brave officers. But now Mr. Smith has irrefragably pleaded for it by playing an aerial dance on the whirlwind of clay dusts. Toy aeroplanes are now widely in sale carrying on their wings the name of this young American. What is still more remarkable is the heated discussion going on in the Japanese War Office as to whether Japanese military aviators should be permitted to exercise loop flights. The opponents, besides emphasizing the comparative scarcity of occasions that call for loop flights in the actual flight, point out the error of the supporters to think the feat within the grasp of every ordinary aviator on condition of sufficient training. They urge their opponents to recollect that Smith is a born genius, not the result of artificial production.

On the other hand the supporters of the loop flights, while acknowledging the comparative scarcity of occasions necessitating the display of such a dangerous feat, strongly assert that the amount of training required for such a purpose would go far toward improving the ability of the aviators in handling the machines. This last view is now fast gaining ground. I am told that the Japanese War Office has also decided to honor Mr. Smith with a gold medal as the everlasting token of gratitude of the Tokyo people. The ceremony of presentation was held on April 20 at 4 o'clock at Sanyoku (restaurant) Ueno, Tokyo. It was Premier Okuma who was expected to hand the token of honor, but on account of the urgent official work that detained him in the Cabinet conference the function was taken up by Mr. Major Iwano Sakatani, now vice-president of the Imperial Aero Association, who ten years ago in the capacity of Finance Minister laid the basis of Japan's post-bellum financial measures. He appeared awfully delighted at this opportunity of expressing his admiration for the American hero.

### All Classes Join Tribute.

What was most wonderful of this meeting was the presence of people representing all the different sections and classes of Japanese society. The attendees, roughly estimated at more than 800, gathered from the high class statesmen, ancient aristocrats equipped with the pompous titles of Marquisate, Baronage, &c., down to the young students in ragged uniform who appeared to be keenly interested in the young aviator's feat. The latter, who had been invited to be present, which they declined to make in spite of their desire to have paid out of their monthly allowance of \$7.50 in American money.

Baron Sakatani made the opening address in a very eulogistic term, speaking for Count Okuma, the president of the association.

Your excellencies, gentlemen and ladies. This assemblage represents the general sentiment of the Japanese public toward Mr. Art Smith, who shook us with surprise and astonishment the other day by his courageous flight in the face of the high wind. He has shown us in awe and respect, which will continue to impress us for a very long time to come.

"When we reflect upon the violence of the storm on the third day of his flight we feel even now a cold tremor go through ourselves. My anxiety was then almost unbearable. I felt that more than once to the Aero Club to advise Mr. Smith to give up his idea, hardly justifiable by common sense. I was struck literally when he said that he was determined to venture on a flight. In a perfect enthrallment I knew no better way to help myself than pray the blessing of Providence on the fearless lad."

### Flight Record Broken.

"The depth of anxiety only intensified the impression of joy that was to follow. My worry was quite useless and unavailing. Braving the fury of the wind fury, Mr. Smith, unrivaled aviator of the world, carried out his programme. He broke the record of the high wind flight before the eyes of us lucky Japanese. What a great stimulus he gave to the future development of our yet comparatively infant aviation! This single flight of his has done more than several years of empty oral encouragement. We have been convinced, we can cruise through the kingdom of the air as safely as on the seas if only perfection of art is attained. We feel now somewhat invited to embark on an aerial machine, now that we have witnessed this magnificent example of Mr. Smith. He has indeed wrought a radical change on the psychology of the public regarding aviation. Mr. Smith will do well to accept the token of our profound gratitude."

"Gentlemen, young as he is, he is a wonderful genius. I am told that he conceived his loop flight on seeing a French aviator jumping down from a tremendous height with the aid of a parachute. As I understand from the articles on the air duels now frequently fought in the European campaign, we still belong, as far as aerial warfare is concerned, to

the age when the individual valor forms the content part of the business. In classic days, when the issue of the battle was mainly decided by swords and spears, a brave fighter could always easily distinguish himself by dauntless acts performed on the field. The terror of his arms once made known, his very name is sufficient to awe his adversaries, who would flee before him without going even so far as to cross swords."

"It is interesting to learn that similar phenomena prevail in the aerial conflict of the present days. A dreadful fighter is immediately identified by the form of the aeroplane he rides. The superior management of his plane will drive terror home to his inferior opponents. If such be the case, loop flights must be essentially important for the aerial warriors who want to get upper hand of their antagonists, because its constant training will enable the plane riders to effect quicker motions upward and downward without having to fear the difficulty attending the restoration of equilibrium."

"Loop flights mean something more than a mere acrobatic feat, quite necessary, as Mr. Smith asserts it, from the standpoint of military aviators." When Baron Sakatani descended from the platform Mr. Smith advanced from his seat on the left side, ushered by Mr. Kishibiki, the manager of his performance. After receiving the medal with an American smile, he addressed the words "The fearless leader" to the air he behaved like a timid virgin before the hospitable audience. With his knees visibly shaking, he recited a very flowery piece of congratulatory verse. His wonderful interpreter had the "preparedness" to translate without omitting a single article.

The press aviators club, organized by many journalists interested in the promotion of flying in Japan, also took this opportunity to thank Mr. Smith for all he was doing for the advancement of aviation in this country. They presented him with a handsome gold medal.

### Advice to U. S. Aviators.

The Japanese correspondent of THE SUN has a disinterested warning to give American aviators desirous of visiting Japan in future. They will have to bitterly regret if they fail to appreciate the seriousness of my meaning.

If you come here with the purpose of attaining any monetary gain, I am sure you will be sorely disappointed. When Mr. Niles first displayed his wonderful skill at Aoyama there were no less than 300,000 spectators, about three times as large as those for Mr. Smith. The category of the so-called "free goods" in economic sciences. Who would be so foolish as to pay for admission into the dust suffocating throng of a loop flight? Can just as well enjoy the thrilling sight from the adjacent green verdure that furnishes us with the best natural cushion of soft grass for observing the spectacle. This is the condition of Tokyo. Again, in local provinces money is so dear that a low class peasant can defray his subsistence at the rate of \$2.50 per month. When Mr. Niles flew in Wakayama province newspapers told his manager could not charge more than half a cent on each spectator who applied for a permit.

Again the nationwide welcome given Mr. Smith is not so much due to his skill as an aviator as to his dauntless courage to confront the sure death with the iron determination of classical heroes. Had it not been for the terrible wind on the third day of his flight, even myself would never have thought of writing anything about it, for my limited vocabulary of English language had been practically exhausted in the praise of Mr. Niles as an ideal aviator. Japanese psychology turns upon the question of death, which is in some sense a scale to measure the intrinsic value of a man. We Japanese have always thought ourselves the most fearless of death of all the peoples of the earth. Any man, however great in other respects, if only once he shrinks from the jaws of death, no matter why, he will be treated as a man not even worth his salt to live.

Now, Mr. Smith has shown himself as fearless of death as any of us, perhaps even more. This strongly appealed to the Japanese sentiment, as I personally experienced in my case. When I condemned my own weakness, I have been carried almost crazy by the impression of the moment, a high official of the Foreign Office replied with a sympathetic smile: "My dear boy, it is not you alone. I was also deeply moved by the divine sublimity of his attitude. I can aspire after a marquisate or peerage, but not to be a second Smith."

JOHN CHERRY (TAHO HACHINO).

## AIRSHIPS WILL GUARD NEW MEXICAN BORDER

Record Breaking Aeroplane Will Be Gift of the Aero Club.

The aeroplane that broke all records by flying from Newport News to the Sheepshead Bay Speedway on Saturday in four hours and one minute has been bought by the Aero Club and will be armed with a two pound gun and presented to the New Mexico National Guard to patrol the border air lanes as protection from the Mexican bandits. An expert aviator will be sent to the border with the machine. Victor Carlstrom and Stevenson Magdon, who drove the machine in Saturday's flight, have offered to fly it to the border in much less time than shipping would take, but lack of gasoline stations along the route probably will prevent. Besides the gun, which the General Ordnance Company of New London, Conn., will present through A. Jackson Stone, the machine will be equipped with a Cresswell-type air compass, presented by the Sperry Gyroscope Company of Brooklyn. This machine will be the first armed battleplane with twin motors ever used in United States military service. The War Department had not a single armed aeroplane, and its battleplanes have but one motor. The aeroplane's motors are of 90 horse-power, and it can make a speed of 100 miles an hour and carry 800 pounds of useful load. The cost is \$10,000. The first \$2,500 has been raised by the New Mexico National Guard through Col. B. M. Cutting, who is now here. The Aero Club will raise the remaining \$7,500 by subscription, and the Curtiss Aeroplane Company of Buffalo will wait for payment.

Adj. Gen. Herring has wired the Aero Club that a dozen armed aeroplanes could be used in border patrol work. The War Department has no funds to furnish aeroplanes to the National Guard.

Montclair to Vote on Commission. MONTCLAIR, May 21.—One thousand citizens of this town have signed a petition for a referendum on commission government. It is hoped to hold the referendum on June 6. The movement is being promoted by the Commission Government League, Edwin B. Goodell, chairman.

# Baker's Own Story of His Great Drive LOS ANGELES TO NEW YORK, 3,471 Miles Across Mountains and Deserts in 7 DAYS, 11 HOURS AND 52 MINUTES In a Cadillac "Eight" Standard Car

E. G. Baker is a veteran trans-continental driver, having made four trips by automobile and two on a motorcycle. On the trip just ended he was accompanied by W. F. Sturm, an Indianapolis newspaperman. The following is his own graphic story of his greatest achievement, written on his arrival in New York.

By E. G. ("Cannon Ball") Baker

ONE hundred and ninety-two hours of almost continuous automobile driving, over thirty-four hundred and seventy-one miles of as rough and nerve-racking a route as one could find, furnishes a wealth of material for a live news story, but does not leave the driver in fit shape to write it. In fact, I am all in. For the first time in my long and varied experience I have had a car which could travel faster and stand more pounding than I could give it. My hat's off to the Cadillac "8." The car is fit and ready to return over the difficult route at the same clip, while its driver must have arnica, court plaster, massage and a long sleep.

When I returned from Australia, March 15th last, I found that Sturm had made arrangements with the Cadillac Motor Car Company for us to take a standard Cadillac across the continent for the purpose of lowering the record of 11 days, 7 hours and 15 minutes, made by myself and Sturm in May, 1915.

I was not at all pleased with this plan, because I did not think that an eight-cylinder car could turn the trick. At that time I was of the opinion that eight cylinders were just about four too many—that a motor of this type could not be built strong enough to stand the terrible racking, nor could it have "kick" enough to deliver power sufficient to get through with what we knew we would have to go through; in other words, we thought it was only a lady's car.

However, I went to Detroit, and after spending a day in the Cadillac factory, studying how these cars were designed and built, and the materials that went into their construction, I underwent a change of mind. My conversion was complete after I had driven one of these cars some 200 miles through the sand and mud roads of Northern Michigan. I was then convinced that the Cadillac Eight was the one car in which I could turn the transcontinental trick, and you see I had the dope right.

The car in which we started from Los Angeles at 12:01 A. M., May 8th, was an Eight Cylinder Cadillac Roadster, standard in every respect, including road wheels. An extra 20-gallon gasoline tank, an axe and a shovel strapped on the running board, a two gallon oil can, two desert water bags, fifty feet of rope, four air cushions and one complete "pull-you-out" were the only extras which we carried.

The initial stage of our long trip, from Los Angeles to San Bernardino, a distance of 68 miles, we covered in close to an hour—not bad for night driving. The Cadillac people had told me to drive to the limit at all times, because their car could stand it, and I was sure game for my part. We next climbed 3,400 feet to cross Cajon Pass in the San Bernardino Mountains, and how that car did climb! She had more speed on the steep grades than the "Thank-You-Marms" would permit. Then a plunge down, with brakes and motor alternating, to the Mohave Desert, and across this treacherous going to our first objective point, Needles, Ariz., distance 318 miles.

The trail across this Mohave Desert consists of two deep ruts, so crooked the snakes must have laid them out, and a high centre which turns the axles of your auto into road scrapers. And how the car twisted and bumped and weaved as I forced her along this awful going, and fought off a severe attack of seasickness! However, we were out for speed and spared neither man nor car. At one point I drove full tilt up to a deep wash, jammed on the brakes, skidded down into the wash and stepped on the pedal to jump her out on the other side before the momentum was lost. Sturm, who is somewhat of a scholar, yelled in my ear:—

"Lay on, MacDuff,

And damned be he who first cries:—Hold! Enough!"

And here let me tell you that it is these same powerful, never-failing brakes, and the wonderful pick up of the Cadillac "8" that made this new record possible. Take the seconds, or even fractions, which we saved in this way at gullies, turns, mudholes and in traffic and multi-

ply them by many hundred for each day of our record run, and you will see what it amounts to.

As the sun rose and the heat grew oppressive we soon began burning tires by excessive braking, as we had decided not to spare them. For 135 miles across the desert we ploughed, where severe trouble would have meant disaster if not a discontinuance of the run.

It was in this desert that we had our first and only mechanical trouble. I noticed the oil gauge going down, and I poured in the last two gallons of oil we had. We rode on a few miles and I noticed again that the gauge was dropping. Stopping the car to investigate, I found that the pipe leading to the oil pump had been broken from the terrific torsional strain and our oil supply was gone. I hiked on foot five miles through deep sand, with the thermometer hovering around 120 degrees, to a railroad station, where there was neither oil nor telephone line. A train was approaching and I yanked off my sweater and, standing between the rails, flagged the train; but there was nothing doing in the way of oil. However, I jumped on the train, intending to ride to the nearest point where oil could be secured, feeling that with each passing minute the chances for our record were diminishing.

As we passed the point where I had left the car I noticed that another car had halted, and I persuaded the engineer to stop the train and let me off. When I arrived I found that Sturm had secured a gallon of oil.



This is the Cadillac "Eight" Standard Car Which Made the World's Greatest Road Record, with Baker at the Wheel.

Having emptied one of our water bags, he crawled under the other car and drained the oil from its crank case. I plugged up the broken oil line and we went on to the next station, seven miles away, where we secured enough oil to get us into Needles.

Just think of it! This was the only mechanical trouble we had throughout this entire run. We did not touch the motor, nor even to clean a spark plug, and except for this instance we did nothing but fill gasoline and oil tanks and drive to the limit.

We negotiated the stiff mountain trails at Oakland, Ariz., the new Klondike of America, without trouble, although we climbed to an altitude of 8,900 feet, and the paths are extremely difficult for many cars to make. The ruts of Arizona engaged our attention next, and here again we scraped on high centres for thirty miles before we got to Kingsman.

With Kansas City to reach in less than four days, I knew that motor trouble meant that we would fail. But the old "Eight" never missed a shot—the good old brakes never failed when I called on them. Arizona has some miles of fine road, and we took advantage of these, hitting it around 65 until we came to the deep sand, when we slowed down a bit. The pulling power of the eight cylinder motor was a revelation to me in this sand. I had driven other cars across and had repeatedly to either dig them out with a shovel or back out to get a fresh start, but nothing like that happened on this trip.

Kansas afforded us an opportunity of using some of our speed, and at Dodge City, the third night out, we

turned in for a few hours' sleep, with 567 miles to our credit. Running to Kansas City we experienced our first touch of what we had feared—that was Kansas mud. We used chains for at least five hundred miles before getting to this part.

It is a fortunate thing that the good Lord never permits us to look ahead and see the difficulties we are to encounter. The next day we got out with a capital "O." Leaving Kansas City in the rain we hit the high road to St. Louis. Harder and harder came the rain and deeper and deeper grew the mud, until there was little visible below the hubs of the machine. On we went, slipping this way and that, but managing to keep headed towards St. Louis. Speed was forgotten. We still cherished the thought, however, that we would be able to move forward, even though slowly. The bottomless mud grew more bottomless if such a figure might be used, but on we went. Had this road been one hundred times as wide we might have been able to make a bit faster time. In and out of the ditch we went scores of times, where no driver and no car could possibly keep the road. Traction seemed impossible and it was actually two feet sideways to every foot ahead. At one point, just to illustrate the pleasures of driving in Missouri during the rain, we came upon five cars stalled in the mud. A big seven-passenger had become mired and was groaning away uselessly in an endeavor to get out. Horses had failed to move her. Knowing the possibilities of my own car, I shot out into the ditch, into the fields, around the five stalled cars, onto the road again.

It was in Missouri that we spent a few hours in a ditch ourselves. Riding along a road at eight miles an hour, we began to slip and, though the brakes held, the car continued her downward course, and stopped only when she landed against the opposite bank. In three hours, with the aid of four mules and a block and tackle, we had her out, with the motor humming joyously at getting another chance at Missouri mud.

Hours behind the schedule which Sturm and I had doped out before starting, we got into St. Louis. It was up to us to make good in our endeavor to reach New York. We left St. Louis at 6:35 Saturday evening, resolved that we would reach New York in time to make the Cadillac proud of the job, or we would die in the attempt. Through the city of Indianapolis we passed early Sunday morning, stopping long enough to get a bite to eat. We left Columbus, Ohio, behind at 9:30 in the morning, Ohio's excellent roads giving us a chance to use speed. From Greenup, Ill., to Cambridge, Ohio, we travelled 346 miles in 11 hours and 50 minutes, elapsed time, the actual running time being a little less than 10 hours. We got a little taste of our old friend, Missouri Mud, in the Alleghany Mountains of Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, the night before reaching New York. The run from Pittsburgh to New York, 385 miles, we made in 14 hours and 18 minutes, elapsed time. Quite a little of this running was through a dense fog in the mountains, where speed was not to be thought of.

Had the eighteen hours of steady rain happened a day later, catching us east of St. Louis instead of on the poor dirt and clay roads of Missouri, the new transcontinental record would be another day lower. However, the Missouri mud furnished a test of this great car's power and endurance, again demonstrated in a different way by the speed made in travelling from St. Louis to New York. The distance we travelled between these two cities was 1,028 miles, and we made it in 37 hours and 17 minutes, elapsed time. Our actual running time was about 30 hours, or an average of 34 miles an hour.

I certainly drove the Cadillac Eight to the limit on this stretch, making up the precious hours lost in Missouri mud. The wonderful way in which the car stood this final test and its excellent condition at the end convince me that the limit in this case was my endurance and not that of the car. The spring suspension is so good and the cushions so comfortable that we never used our air cushions, so indispensable on previous trips across the Continent. As I said before, this is the first time I have driven a car that could outdrive and outlast me, and I have had some varied experience.

Every Claim Made for the Cadillac "Eight" Is More Than Substantiated By This the Greatest of All Motor Car Achievements.

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